

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

SEVENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY. THURSDAY FEBRUARY 13, 1896.

NUMBER 46.

Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.
W. WITHERSPON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.
Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$50,000.00.

The Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and liberal terms within the limits of prudent banking.

Traders Deposit Bank,

MT. STERLING, KY.
CAPITAL \$200,000. SURPLUS, \$30,000.
J. M. HIGSTAFF, President.
O. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.
Respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your debts, and loan you money when in need.

Broadway Millinery Store.

New Spring Styles

Hats and Bonnets

OF EVERY GRADE AND PRICE.
Fancy Goods, Flowers, Hair Braids, Ribbons, &c., at prices to suit the times.
Mrs. MAGGIE CILLUM,
No. 31 North Broadway, Lexington, Ky.
Recently removed from 49 N. Broadway.

COMBS HOUSE,

CAMPTON, KY.
J. B. HOLLON, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

CLARENDON HOTEL,

Cor. Short and Limestone Streets, LEXINGTON, KY.
JOS. M. SKAIN, Proprietor.

This house is only two squares from Lexington and Eastern (K. U.) depot, is first-class, and rates reasonable. The patronage of the mountain people is solicited, and the best treatment assured.

W. J. SEITZ,

WITH
W. M. KERR & CO.,
JEWELERS IN

Hardware & Agricultural Implement, IRONTON, O.

C. D. MOORE,

WITH
BEN WILLIAMSON & CO.,
Hardware, Cutlery, &c.

CATLETTSBURG, KY.
Sole agency for South Bend Pumps.

CHARLES UHL,

WITH
REED, PEEBLES & Co.

WHOLESALE
Dry Goods & Notions,
PORTSMOUTH, O.

DR. J. F. LOCKHART,

DENTIST,
EZZEL, KY.

A. FLOYD BYRD,

Campton, Ky.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Abstracts of title furnished, collections made and prompt returns guaranteed. Connected with the law firm of Wood & Day, Mt. Sterling, Ky., in civil practice.

A. HOWARD STAPER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
CAMPTON, KY.

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him, care will receive prompt attention.

J. H. SWANGO, Ezzel Green, Campton.
JOHNSON & SWANGO,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Wolfe county and circuit courts. Collections promptly made. Abstracts of title furnished on short notice.

J. A. TAYLOR, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Surgery and obstetrics specialty.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Maytown Missiles.

We are glad to report the sick of our town improving.

The groundhog has had a few days pretty rough weather, but he will stay out all the same.

R. A. Childers and his efficient clerk, Miss Flo, are now as busy as bonnet makers measuring calves.

Mrs. James Neff and her sister, Mrs. Mollie Cecil, of Stillwater, are visiting the family of their uncle, W. P. Sample.

Prof. J. L. Thomas has moved to Harry Little's, in Menefee county.

By the way, he has made a start on the Masonic road.

County Attorney I. W. Rose, of West Liberty, was in town two days last week. Did not learn his business. Perhaps the widow on the corner could tell.

From some cause, Rev. Tyler did not get to his appointment Sunday. Rev. J. P. Lockhart filled the 11 o'clock appointment and Dr. J. W. Kendrick the night appointment.

WINGLESS.

Ezel Evolutions.

Call court the 10th inst., at Esq. Murphy's.

Rev. Wm. Yocum preached in town Sunday.

Miss Ellen Welch is very low with consumption.

Emery Carr sold to Eli Cook a fine horse last week.

J. M. Henry, who has been sick for some time, is now better.

Harry Maupin, the dry goods man, remained in town over Sunday.

A phrenologist visited our town last week and gave an interesting exhibition.

Lewis Henry and wife, of Caney, visited Mrs. Dus Pieratt Saturday and Sunday.

County Attorney I. W. Rose, of West Liberty, was over at "Squire Murphy's" court.

An entertainment will be given at the close of our school on the 11th of March.

Hazard Downing, the boss cattle buyer, was transacting business in town last week.

Dev. Duneagan, of Maytown, is attending a writing on the Long branch, near Ezel.

C. C. Maxey and wife, of West Liberty, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pieratt, of this place.

Willie Perry, a hustling drummer representing the Paris Grocery Company, was in town this week.

DE JESSIE.

West Liberty Notes.

Quite a number of rafts went down Licking river last week.

Ten new pupils enrolled at the select school being taught by Jas. H. Swango, of your place. The school is prospering nicely.

Jonge Williams, who escaped from jail here last fall, was captured by Sam Dennis in Ohio and lodged in jail here last week.

Rev. J. B. Adams and wife have returned from Frankfort. Uncle Jone thinks his chances for chaplain of the penitentiary not gilt edge.

Desha Breckinridge, son of W. C. P. Breckinridge, in company with other revenue men, was here last week and destroyed several illicit stills.

Quite a compliment was passed on Hazel Green by a West Liberty attorney a few days ago. He observes that every town in the mountains has developed a craze for something, be it good or bad. For instance, he says, West Liberty is a drummer's town. We have eight 'knights of the grip' and many more would be ones.

At Salyersville everybody wants to be a bully and a braggart, notwithstanding their young men are well informed on all current issues.

At Jackson, he continued, they are out for filthy lucre in

stead of blood as formerly. At Martinsburg everything is a dead game sport and gamble for all that's out. Beattyville is a town of "blind tigers" and Campton a necktieless town of horse swappers. Ezel, he continued, is wipers and her religious fanatics are as thick as thieves in Damascus. Hazel Green takes life philosophically. Education is the watchword and it is fast telling on this section of country. Your writer wishes every town may take the educational craze. X. Y. Z.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of taxes due me for the years 1890-91-92-93-94 and '95, I will on MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1896, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., at the court house door in the town of Campton, Wolfe county, Ky., being county court day, expose to public sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said taxes and cost to wit:

District No. 3.—Christina King, 150 acres, adjoining lands of Wm. Banks, year 1890-91 and '94. Cost \$10.61.

District No. 3.—J. D. King, 150 acres, adj. lands of Wm. Banks, yrs. 1890-91-92-93 and '95. Cost \$27.11.

District No. 3.—M. H. Kelly, 50 acres, adj. lands of Gentry Miller, year 1894. Cost \$4.36.

District No. 3.—S. P. Hoopes, 125 acres, adj. lands of R. T. Drake, year 1895. Cost \$5.24.

District No. 4.—John S. Chapman, 10 acres, adj. lands of J. E. Spencer, year 1895. Cost \$4.38.

District No. 4.—John J. Sparks, 80 acres, adj. lands of Fielder Sparks, yrs. 1893-94 and '95. Cost \$12.21.

District No. 4.—Martha Kincaid, 3 acres, adj. lands of Amanda Bush, yrs. 1893-94 and '95. Cost \$3.06.

District No. 4.—Jacob Tualson, 20 acres, adj. lands of W. L. Spencer, year 1895. Cost \$3.15.

District No. 4.—James Wireman, 20 acres, adj. lands of John S. Chapman, year 1895. Cost \$2.75.

District No. 5.—John Pirdue, 300 acres, adj. lands of J. M. Burton, yrs. 1894 and '95. Cost \$9.62.

District No. 5.—K. Watkins, 30 acres, adj. lands of O. C. King, yrs. 1894 and '95. Cost \$3.41.

District No. 5.—Leander Williams, 100 acres, adj. lands of A. J. Hollon, year 1895. Cost \$7.45.

JAS. K. COCKRAHAM, D. S. W. C.
Feb. 3, 1896.

Going to Lexington?

CALL ON
Fred. J. Heintz,

Manufacturing Jeweler,
Custom House Square.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

R. H. Cooper, manager of the

Torrent and Hazel Green telephone company, informs us that the line

will be ready for business today, or not later than the end of this week. He was at West Liberty

on Tuesday and secured some insulators to complete our line.

Our Prices

WITHIN YOUR REACH.



Only a Scar Remains

Borofolia Cured—Blood Purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."

"It is with pleasure that I send a testimonial concerning what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for my daughter. It is a wonderful medicine and I cannot recommend it too highly. Sarah, who is fourteen years old, has been afflicted with Blood Scurvy, and has been running sore on one side of her face. We tried every remedy recommended, but nothing did her any good until we commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla in the house. We commenced giving it to her about one year ago, and it has completely cured her, and she has had a running sore on one side of her face. We tried every remedy recommended, but nothing did her any good until we commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla in the house. We commenced giving it to her about one year ago, and it has completely cured her, and she has had a running sore on one side of her face. We tried every remedy recommended, but nothing did her any good until we commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla in the house. 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Massacre No Crime When the Helpless Victims Are Christians.

Approved by All Moslems and Re-
spected by the Sultan and His Officers
-Hajji Taimuag's Sermon on the Re-
cent Outrages by the Turks.

It was appropriate that in the presence of the chief men of this nation and other nations Dr. Talmage should tell the story of Armenian massacre. That will be the extent for good of a discourse none can tell. The words of II. Kings, xix. 37: "They escaped into the land of Armenia."

...Bible geography this is the first place that Armenia appears, called then by the same name as now. Armenia is usually a tableland, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, and, according to the Bible, Noah's ark landed, with the human family and fauna that were to fill the earth. That region was the birth place of the rivers which fertilized the garden of Eden when Adam was expelled from the garden. The mountains of the Caucasus, and the clouds of the sky, and their carpet the emerald of rich grass. Its inhabitants, as ethnologists tell us, are a superior type of the Caucasian race. Their religion is founded on the Bible. "Their fathers," says the Christian Bible, "forasmuch as they have refused to believe that they will not become followers of Mohammed, that Jupiter of sensuality, will drive them from the face of the earth is the ambition of all Mohammedans."

to accomplish this murder is no small and wholesale massacre is a matter of enthusiastic approbation and a substantial reward. The prayer is mentioned by highest Mohammedan authorities as a duty and is recited throughout Turkey and Egypt, while all those not Mohammedans as infidels, are as follows: "O Lord of all creatures! O Allah! Destroy the Infidels and Polytheists, their enemies, their families, their children, their wives, their children, orphans and slaves; their bodies; cause their feet to slip; destroy them and their families, their households, and their women, and their children, and their relatives by marriage, their brothers and their friends, their possessions and the race, their wealth and their lands as booty to the Moslems."

of "Lokman's lectures." The
of a man in the presence
the man that makes prayer is of
no value than the life of a summer
set. The sultan of Turkey sits on
rone imperious than that brigand-
and the sultan of Persia. At his time
civilized nations are in his hands
attempts of that Mohammedan
ernment to destroy all the Chris-
of Armenia. I hear somebody
ing as though some new thing
the world, and that the Turkish
government had taken a new role
tragically on the stage of nations.
no! She is at the same old busi-
ness as ever.

Overlooking her diabolical of
centuries, she come down to our
times, and she is still the same. For
government slew 50,000 anti-Mus-
lims, and in 1850 she slew 10,000, and
in 1860 she slew 11,000, and in 1876 she

19,000. Anything short of the
the world's population, and
does not put enough red wine in
enough of abomination to make it
in quaffing. Nor is this the only
she has promised to reform. In the
ence of warships at the mouth of
the Nile, she has promised to re-
the civilized nations of the earth that
would stop her butcheries, and the
national and hemispheric force
been enacted of believing what
to do, when all she has done is to
to reach us, she is only passing
her atrocities to put nations off
and then resume the work of
the. In 1820 Turkey, in treaty with
the British, promised to alleviate the
promise broken. In 1830 the then sultan
sued protection for life and prop-
erty without reference to religion,

The promise was broken. The Emperor, in the name of the English plenipotentiary, the Baron de Manteuffel, declared, after the publication of an Armenian at Constantinople, that no such death penalty should again be inflicted, and that the Emperor, at the request of the plenipotentiary of the other foreign nations, the Turkish Government promised protection to the Christians, but to this day the Christians at Stamboul are not allowed to have a church, and they are not the funds ready, and the Greek Christians, who have a church, are permitted to worship in it. In 1878, after the Crimean war, Turkey was forced to accept the Christian mission in the exercise of the religion professed, and that promise has been broken. In 1878, at the memorandum of Berlin, Turkey promised

the Ottoman empire, and her promise was broken. Not once in centuries has the Turkish government kept her promise of mercy. Not once has she made any improvement, the condition of the Armenians has become worse. The Turkish government has no intention of making any improvement, and all she makes the Turkish government makes are only a gaining of time which she is making preparation for the complete extermination of humanity from her borders. After all, after all the promises and conventions, the promises lying on the table of the Turkish government, do the warships of Europe ride up as if it is possible to the palaces of Constantinople and blow that accursed

the Eternal God, let the auspices of the angels be wiped from the face of the earth! Smoked up the perfumes of the which it dwelt upon, sink Mohammedanism! Between these outbreaks of violence towards the Armenians suffer in silence. They are seldom if ever reported. They are a law of the mere privilege of living, and the tax is called "the humiliation tax." The taloned talons of Mohammedan fram must pay passing to the assessors lest he report the value of their property too highly. Their evidence is not to be taken, and so 50 Armenians saw a wrong done to the Mohammedan was present, the testimony of the one Mohammedan would be taken and the testimony of the 50 Armenians rejected. In other words the solemn oath of the Mohammedan would not be strong enough to overthrow the perjury of one Mohammedan. A professor was condemned to death for suggesting the English Book of Common Prayer be translated into fifteen Armenian languages. In 1907 years imprisonment for rescuing a Christian bride from the bandits. This government has been the cause of the miseries of the Armenians itself in times of peace the delights of Turkish civilization. But when the days of massacre come, then indeed are days which may be called the days of the refined assassins, and if one of these refined assassins, be must do so in well-posed and courteous vocabulary. Hundreds of villages destroyed. Young men put in the Turkish gulag, which are saturated with blood. The most solemn how that never comes in a woman's life, hurled out and bayoneted: Eyes gouged out, and then dying, hurled into the sea. In 1896, in Adana, in 1897, in Cilicia, in 1898, in 1899, in 1900, in 1901, in 1902, in 1903, in 1904, in 1905, in 1906, in 1907, in 1908, in 1909, in 1910, in 1911, in 1912, in 1913, in 1914, in 1915, in 1916, in 1917, in 1918, in 1919, in 1920, in 1921, in 1922, in 1923, in 1924, in 1925, in 1926, in 1927, in 1928, in 1929, in 1930, in 1931, in 1932, in 1933, in 1934, in 1935, in 1936, in 1937, in 1938, in 1939, in 1940, in 1941, in 1942, in 1943, in 1944, in 1945, in 1946, in 1947, in 1948, in 1949, in 1950, in 1951, in 1952, in 1953, in 1954, in 1955, in 1956, in 1957, in 1958, in 1959, in 1960, in 1961, in 1962, in 1963, in 1964, in 1965, in 1966, in 1967, in 1968, in 1969, in 1970, in 1971, in 1972, in 1973, in 1974, in 1975, in 1976, in 1977, in 1978, in 1979, in 1980, in 1981, in 1982, in 1983, in 1984, in 1985, in 1986, in 1987, in 1988, in 1989, in 1990, in 1991, in 1992, in 1993, in 1994, in 1995, in 1996, in 1997, in 1998, in 1999, in 2000, in 2001, in 2002, in 2003, in 2004, in 2005, in 2006, in 2007, in 2008, in 2009, in 2010, in 2011, in 2012, in 2013, in 2014, in 2015, in 2016, in 2017, in 2018, in 2019, in 2020, in 2021, in 2022, in 2023, in 2024, in 2025, in 2026, in 2027, in 2028, in 2029, in 2030, in 2031, in 2032, in 2033, in 2034, in 2035, in 2036, in 2037, in 2038, in 2039, in 2040, in 2041, in 2042, in 2043, in 2044, in 2045, in 2046, in 2047, in 2048, in 2049, in 2050, in 2051, in 2052, in 2053, in 2054, in 2055, in 2056, in 2057, in 2058, in 2059, in 2060, in 2061, in 2062, in 2063, in 2064, in 2065, in 2066, in 2067, in 2068, in 2069, in 2070, in 2071, in 2072, in 2073, in 2074, in 2075, in 2076, in 2077, in 2078, in 2079, in 2080, in 2081, in 2082, in 2083, in 2084, in 2085, in 2086, in 2087, in 2088, in 2089, in 2090, in 2091, in 2092, in 2093, in 2094, in 2095, in 2096, in 2097, in 2098, in 2099, in 2100, in 2101, in 2102, in 2103, in 2104, in 2105, in 2106, in 2107, in 2108, in 2109, in 2110, in 2111, in 2112, in 2113, in 2114, in 2115, in 2116, in 2117, in 2118, in 2119, in 2120, in 2121, in 2122, in 2123, in 2124, in 2125, in 2126, in 2127, in 2128, in 2129, in 2130, in 2131, in 2132, in 2133, in 2134, in 2135, in 2136, in 2137, in 2138, in 2139, in 2140, in 2141, in 2142, in 2143, in 2144, in 2145, in 2146, in 2147, in 2148, in 2149, in 2150, in 2151, in 2152, in 2153, in 2154, in 2155, in 2156, in 2157, in 2158, in 2159, in 2160, in 2161, in 2162, in 2163, in 2164, in 2165, in 2166, in 2167, in 2168, in 2169, in 2170, in 2171, in 2172, in 2173, in 2174, in 2175, in 2176, in 2177, in 2178, in 2179, in 2180, in 2181, in 2182, in 2183, in 2184, in 2185, in 2186, in 2187, in 2188, in 2189, in 2190, in 2191, in 2192, in 2193, in 2194, in 2195, in 2196, in 2197, in 2198, in 2199, in 2200, in 2201, in 2202, in 2203, in 2204, in 2205, in 2206, in 2207, in 2208, in 2209, in 2210, in 2211, in 2212, in 2213, in 2214, in 2215, in 2216, in 2217, in 2218, in 2219, in 2220, in 2221, in 2222, in 2223, in 2224, in 2225, in 2226, in 2227, in 2228, in 2229, in 2230, in 2231, in 2232, in 2233, in 2234, in 2235, in 2236, in 2237, in 2238, in 2239, in 2240, in 2241, in 2242, in 2243, in 2244, in 2245, in 2246, in 2247, in 2248, in 2249, in 2250, in 2251, in 2252, in 2253, in 2254, in 2255, in 2256, in 2257, in 2258, in 2259, in 2260, in 2261, in 2262, in 2263, in 2264, in 2265, in 2266, in 2267, in 2268, in 2269, in 2270, in 2271, in 2272, in 2273, in 2274, in 2275, in 2276, in 2277, in 2278, in 2279, in 2280, in 2281, in 2282, in 2283, in 2284, in 2285, in 2286, in 2287, in 2288, in 2289, in 2290, in 2291, in 2292, in 2293, in 2294, in 2295, in 2296, in 2297, in 2298, in 2299, in 2300, in 2301, in 2302, in 2303, in 2304, in 2305, in 2306, in 2307, in 2308, in 2309, in 2310, in 2311, in 2312, in 2313, in 2314, in 2315, in 2316, in 2317, in 2318, in 2319, in 2320, in 2321, in 2322, in 2323, in 2324, in 2325, in 2326, in 2327, in 2328, in 2329, in 2330, in 2331, in 2332, in 2333, in 2334, in 2335, in 2336, in 2337, in 2338, in 2339, in 2340, in 2341, in 2342, in 2343, in 2344, in 2345, in 2346, in 2347, in 2348, in 2349, in 2350, in 2351, in 2352, in 2353, in 2354, in 2355, in 2356, in 2357, in 2358, in 2359, in 2360, in 2361, in 2362, in 2363, in 2364, in 2365, in 2366, in 2367, in 2368, in 2369, in 2370, in 2371, in 2372, in 2373, in 2374, in 2375, in 2376, in 2377, in 2378, in 2379, in 2380, in 2381, in 2382, in 2383, in 2384, in 2385, in 2386, in 2387, in 2388, in 2389, in 2390, in 2391, in 2392, in 2393, in 2394, in 2395, in 2396, in 2397, in 2398, in 2399, in 2400, in 2401, in 2402, in 2403, in 2404, in 2405, in 2406, in 2407, in 2408, in 2409, in 2410, in 2411, in 2412, in 2413, in 2414, in 2415, in 2416, in 2417, in 2418, in 2419, in 2420, in 2421, in 2422, in 2423, in 2424, in 2425, in 2426, in 2427, in 2428, in 2429, in 2

Who are these American and English and Scotch missionaries who are being hounded among the mountains of Armenia by the Mohammedans? They are the sons of the Father in Heaven. Some of them, men who could take the highest honors at Yale and Princeton and Harvard and Oxford and Edinburgh, have chosen to leave their country and their mother, and to go forward good-by to their own children as circumstances compel them to send the little ones to England or to some foreign country. These are the foreign missionaries in their homes all around the world, and I am sure that indignation upon the literary pages of England and America is not the only indignation which is independent who have deprecated these heroes and heroines who are willing to live and die for Christ's sake. They were with their right arms around the necks of their families, and they will not get near enough to the winning gates to see the faintest glint of any one of the 12 pearls which are the jewels of the crown of life. The indignation of the missionaries is augmented by the desolate English, American and Scotch merchants who go to foreign lands, leaving their wives and children in the hands of their merchants

in foreign cities lead a life of
gross immorals that the pure
holds of the missionaries are a perpe

But even if there is anything that might shade them it is the water lily. While the 550 American missionaries have suffered in the Ottoman empire since the 1820s, the angel of a new dawn is about to announce on the day of judgment that we will see it reasonable that I put much emphasis on Americanism in the Ottoman empire, when I tell you that the Ottoman empire has been the only advantages named, has \$7,000,000 of schools, that American for betterment over \$10,000,000. Has not that a right to be heard? Ayet it will be heard! I am glad that great indignation meetings are being held all over the world. The poor, cowardly Sultan, how can he dare to make a ride to his mosque for worship, guarded by 7,000 armed men, many of them mounted on prancing chargers, while the Armenian sympathetic meetings for the American missionaries are being reported, their throats through some of his 300 voices. What to do with him? There ought to be some St. Helena. He should be exiled, while the nations of Europe and America should try their own to clean out and take possession of the palaces of Constantinople. To-night this august assemblage in the city of the United States, in the name of the God of nations, I call on the Turkish government for the wholesale assassination in Armenia, and invoke the interference of Almighty God and the protest of eastern and western

But what is the duty of the house of sympathy, deep, wide, treacherous immediately? A religious paper, the Herald, of New York, had immediately collected for its subscribers. But the Turkish government is disposed to any relief of the Armenians. I had a letter from Constantinople, August, before I had any idea of coming a fellow citizen of your Washington, \$50,000 for Armenian relief was offered me if I would persuade the people of New York to contribute. My passage was to be engaged of the City of Paris, but a telegram was sent to Constantinople, asking the Turkish government would grant me passage. A cablegram said the Turkish government wished to know what points in Armenia I wished to go to that relief. In our reply four cities were named. The Turkish government had what had been the chief massacre. A cablegram came from Constantinople saying that I had better go to the way of the Turkish government's mission. The government would distribute it. So a cablegram proposed a relief committee for the unfortunate flesh! Well, a man who had been in Armenia with \$50,000 and no governmental protection would be guilty of monumental foolhardiness. The Turkish government has in every position

Now where is that angel of mercy
Clara Barton, who appeared on the
battlefields of Fredericksburg, Antietam,
Falmouth, and Cedar Mountain,
who ministered to the needs of the
German guns at Metz and Paris and
Johnstown floods, and Charleston
earthquakes, and Michigan fires, and
Russian famines? It was comparative
nothing to her. She had ministered to
the emperor decorated her with the
Iron Cross, for God had decorated her
in the sight of all nations with a glory
that no man could give. She was
born in a Massachusetts village, she
came to her girlhood in this city to
serve our government in the
post office, but afterwards
she came from the door of
that post office, with a divine
inspiration, signed and sealed by God Himself,
to self, to heal all the wounds she could
find, and to minister to the horrors of
war, and to plague and plague, and
capital, fly to her presence. God blessed
Clara Barton! Just as I expected, she
lifts the banner of the Red Cross. The

[illegible][illegible]

The fact is that that very doctrine of the Armenians by the Turks must be stopped, or God Almighty will curdle all Christendom for its damnable idolatry. I have said that the trumpet of resurrection is about to be blown in Armenia. Did I say in the opening that on one of the peaks of Armenia this very Armenia of which we speak is the land of the living? I am according to the myth, as some think, but according to God's "say-so," as we know, and that it was after a long storm of 40 days and 40 nights that the ark went forth from the ark and returned with an olive leaf in her beak. Even so now, there is another ark being launched, but this one is not of wood, but of steel. It is not, after, but a deluge of blood—the ark of American sympathy—and that ark is landing on Ararat, from its window will fly the flag of kindness and mercy, and the olive leaf of understanding, while all the mountains of Moslem prejudice, oppression and cruelty shall stand 15 cubits under the wall of mercy, and the gates of the dying groans of all the 10,000 victims of Mohammedan oppression, and intone them into one prayer that would move the earth and the heavens, hush the winds, and the lightning, O American and European, crying, O God Most High! Spare Thy children. We mandate from the throne thy back upon their hanches the horses of thy wrath, and the chariots of thy blood. With the earthquakes of thy wrath shake the foundations of the palaces of the sultan. Move all the thrones of the empire, command cessation of cruelty. If need be, the wars of civilized nations become their indignation. Let the Crescent go down before the Cross, and the sword of the sultan be broken. Let the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, go forth, conquering to conquer. *Tune* O Lord, is the kingdom. Hallelujah.

A GOLD nugget valued at \$9,000 weighing 31 pounds seven ounces, is reported to have been found at Eldorado, Montgomery county, Va.

THE hero of Hiram, Me., is the young man who killed the monster wildcat of Notch mountain. The varmint's hide measured four feet from tip to tip.

It is said that the following sign is posted in a public park in England: "Notice—All persons are cautioned to keep off the grass, cattle and poultry included."

By rejecting all bids formally made and quietly hunting up a better bid, Treasurer Turner, of Boston, saved \$31,590 to the city on the current loan of \$1,000,000.

JOSEPH FAGNAUT, of Greenville, N. H., became the proud father of twin daughters on Christmas day. His present wife is his fifth, and he now has 27 children.

IN the year 1596 there were only four kinds of hyacinth, the single and the double blue, the purple and the violet. At the present time there are many thousands of varieties.

Mrs. GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA has intimated that she proposes to write the story of her husband's life. The announcement is made to prevent the publication of unauthorized biographies.

THE night and day forces of police in Burlington, N. J., don't speak to each other, officially or otherwise. All orders left over from one force for the other are transmitted through a go-between.

—An attempt is being made to grow the Australian salt bush in the alkali regions of Arizona. It is similar to alfalfa, and makes an equally good food for stock. If the experiment is successful it will result in the reclamation of vast tracts of land now worthless.

—Tom King, engineer of the steam roller belonging to the city of Crawfordsville, Ind., blew off steam a few weeks ago to start the horse of Mrs. Alice Ammerham, which had balked near the roller. The horse ran off and Mrs. Ammerham was rendered a cripple for life. Now she has entered suit against the city of Crawfordsville for \$20,000, damages.

—A woman and her 12-year-old daughter were detected lately smuggling opium. The mother had five tins of the drug in her full sleeves and the child gave up even more. It has been a problem how to make sleeves keep their shape, but this was a desperate way and led the poor woman to a prison.

—A recent lecturer says: "Fewer women commit suicide than men. This is because woman makes less protest against her circumstances of life, has more endurance under its calamities, and is more resigned." Why does she protest less and endure more? Is it merely a matter of habit?

—Georgia's youngest locomotive engineer is believed to be Alvin Hanebury, of Spann, Johnson county. He is but 14 years old, and runs an engine on a short road connecting various saw mills and their source of supplies. It is stated, furthermore, that he has had charge of the engine since he was nine years old, and that he is regarded by the owners of the road as an entire engineer.

—An interesting relic was discovered near San Bernardino, Cal., recently. It is an immense sculptured arrowhead, four feet four inches long and weighing more than 200 pounds. It is of bluish granite and shaped in perfect imitation of the smaller arrowheads frequently found in that region. On the mountain side, near where the stone was found, is a natural formation in the shape of an arrowhead many feet in length and conspicuously

—The conscience and pride of good citizenship of G. Green, of McCune, Kan., got to working together recently and produced an odd situation. Mr. Green got intoxicated, boisterous and disagreeable during a visit to the neighboring town of Pittsburg, and created considerable disturbance on the streets. He was not arrested. A few days later he appeared before the county attorney at Pittsburg and swore out a warrant against himself for disturbing the peace. He was arrested, arraigned, pleaded guilty, paid his fine, and went home with a shaven countenance and many miles.

He Finds the Motive Which Led to a Husband's Disappearance.

"Look here," she said, defiantly, as she strode into the detective's office, my husband's missing."

"You don't say so!"

"I don't say so, don't I? Well, I'd have you understand I do say so, and what's more, you heard me say so. And I don't propose to stand here and be contradicted by any man that lives."

She paused for breath, and the officer murmured: "I didn't mean any of

"If that ain't like a man! What difference does it make what you meant? You don't suppose I care what you meant? You've got your business to

"Attend to, haven't you? All I ask is that you mind it, and don't ask foolish questions and make silly remarks. Where's my husband?"

"Of course, you don't know where he is. You're not paid for knowing where he is, are you? I haven't been one of the tax collector's employees."

"Well, nu'am, I don't know where

"The first thing we do is to look for a motive. I think I've found out why your husband left your home. If I

Mistakes About Tree Growth.
I have before me two newspapers clipp-

ing of "Queer Things in Trees;" the other is from a Kansas paper of the

present year, and which bears the title of "How the Tree Has Grown." The Sun clipping tells of a Westfield, Conn., apple tree which has a large boulder in its fork ten feet from the ground; the

Other of a Topeka tree of which the lower limbs are now 30 feet from the ground though they could be reached by a man standing on the sidewalk 20 years ago. The howler in the fort.

was so near the ground that it could be
 sat upon a generation ago, the Sun
 says: I wonder if the writers of the
 articles in question know that these
 grow only from their extremities, and

not possibly be as much farther from the ground now, than they were a century ago?—*Yes, Louis Barré.*

THE HERALD.
SPENCER COOPER, Editor
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, Feb. 13, 1890.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
We are authorized to announce CHAS. T. BYRD, of Campton, as a candidate for the office of Circuit Court Clerk for Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

LACONIC LIVE NEWS.

The Cuban Insurgents have appealed to the country at large for recognition as a belligerent power.

The new government bonds are going like hot cakes. At last accounts \$11,000,000 had been realized.

In the senatorial contest Monday, Poor, the Populist, consented to pair with Senator Ogilvie, Democrat.

William H. Crain, representative from the Eleventh district of Texas, and member of that body since the forty-ninth congress, died at his home in Washington on Monday morning.

The senatorial deadlock in the Kentucky legislature remains unbroken. The seventeenth ballot resulted in 46 for Blackburn and 51 for Hunter. Three who were cast for Carlisle and two for McCrery.

The president on Monday nominated Edwin F. Uhl, of Michigan, assistant secretary of state, to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of the United States to Germany. The senate in executive session confirmed the nomination.

Gratz B. Arnett, who is charged with the murder of Hiram McFarland at Salersville, is in a critical condition in the jail at that place, and his death may be the matter of a few days. Typhoid fever is causing the illness of Arnett, and it was not known how sick a man he was until a few days ago. He has been quiet and said little to those around him. His trial had to be postponed, and death may step in as the presiding judge in the case.

The election of Miss Guy as state librarian last week was a Democratic victory, but the Republicans claim that, since the election did not take place in January a vacancy exists and will have to be filled by appointment of the governor. He will hardly dare to do a thing so palpably preposterous, but we will see what we shall see. The G. O. P. is proverbial for tricks that would make make the heathen Chinese turn green with envy, and Billy O. may pay 'em to shame.

The most enterprising hero we have heard of for a long time is accounted for in the following Lexington dispatch: "M. T. Conry (colored) was arrested here this afternoon on charges of house breaking. The story is that at Frankfort he broke into a blacksmith shop and stole a lot of tools, took them to Midway, sold them to another blacksmith, broke into his shop, stole them again, took them to Spring Station, sold them to J. M. Bramlett, broke into his shop, stole them again and came to Lexington. Bramlett came here and had the negro arrested."

The Time for Building
Up the system is at this season. The cold weather has made unusual drains upon the vital forces. The blood has become impoverished and impaired and all the functions of the body suffer in consequence. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great builder, because it is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with all who use them! All druggists, 25 cents.

"Our boy Tom" Easterling, who served his time in THE HERALD office and who has been working in the government printing office at Washington for several years past, has resigned his place at Washington and will go to Kearney, Nebraska, to practice law. He has been studying law at Columbia Law College for the past two or three years. His brother, Morgan Easterling, is county judge in the county court at Kearney, and he will continue the study of his chosen profession under him.

A daily newspaper, with all the same implies, 312 days in the year, and THE HERALD one year, all for \$2.50, is one of the miracles of cheap journalism. But we have arranged with the publishers of the Louisville Evening Post for this great combination. If you want daily market reports, or full and fair reports from Washington or Frankfort, you should send your subscriptions to us at once. The Evening Post does not color its news, we get all the news straight. The state news of the Evening Post is the best department in any daily paper. Remember, The Evening Post and this Journal for \$2.50.

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Brook Ainsie left Wednesday for Richmond county, Illinois, on a business trip.

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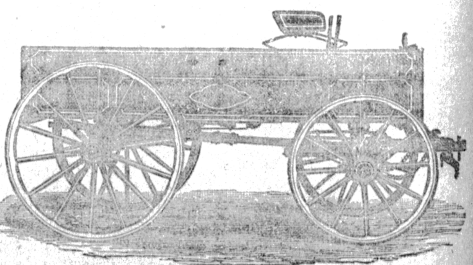
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K. Y.

ON THE FENCE.

"It may be right sometimes in life to be up on the fence," said the father, "but in a way that keeps us from being just lost as if we knew that we would all refuse to think a man that 'on the fence' of any earthly use."

But father said, "I mean it, boys, but leave you all quite free to see the subject over and aft before you disagree. But don't forget that circumstances sometimes rule a case, and now and then the fairest horse may fall to win the race."

Now father is a real "tough" to handle in debate, and all the boys concluded that his nag would come in late if he persisted in his view that there was any sense in ever trying to a man who gets up "on the fence."

There was a twinkle in his eye we could not fail to see.

When we agreed that every man on the right side should be a "tough" and when the father said he is on— he forced us to admit— He's justly "on the fence" while he's climbing over it.

—T. M. Compropt, in Chicago Record.

A LONG NIGHT RIDE.

How Gen. Miles' Black Horse Was Killed.

A horseback ride of 120 miles in 22 hours is no small undertaking when more than 12 hours of it be accomplished underneath "the solemn-faced moon." An ex-army officer told us the other day, of a ride of this character during which the moon cast more startling and terrifying shadows than ever fell before the vision of the most superstitious rabbit-foot ducky who ever strayed into the village graveyard after nightfall. As the story goes:

It was in September, 1874, when Gen. Nelson A. Miles, then colonel of the Fifth United States infantry, was commanding an expedition against the Indians in Indian territory. All summer he had been following and fighting the Indians with indifferent success. Grass-fed ponies were fatter than corn-fed horses. But the grass, sun-dried and fire-burned over great areas, was giving the Indians distress, and now came on, and the troops were alert to take advantage of the conditions to run the Indians down and onto their reservations at Fort Sill and Reno, or into the Cheyenne agency.

The troops were encamped on the Wichita river, near the 100th meridian, and in a couple of days' march of Llano Estacado, or the great Staked Plains of Texas. Near midday, while the command were in their September cantonment, the camp was aroused from the apathy of waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up by something turning up. Two scouts rode into camp—long-haired, weather-beaten, sundried, and stringers to all the sounds, buffalo hunters and soldiers of the command. They were "two gentlemen from Texas," and declared it with typical unctious; and then went on to say they were from Lieut. Col. Bull's command, of the Ninth United States cavalry, which was in hot pursuit of a big band of Indians courting over the country 50 miles west of the camp on the Wichita.

The news stirred the camp up like an earthquake shock, and soon made one of the command suddenly as sick as if he had swallowed a seismic as big as Mount Popocatepetl.

Gen. Miles yelled to the lieutenant of his staff and administered a dose by telling him to prepare for a ride to Adobe Walls, 120 miles away, up on the Canadian river, not far distant from the New Mexico boundary line of the Texas Panhandle.

"When, general?" was asked.

"Now! at once!"

And the lieutenant walked away to look at the trappings of his armory, get a plug of tobacco from the commissary and put a can or two of sardines in his haversack.

Returning to the general's tent, he complacently announced: "What sized detachment shall I take?"

And the general, pointing to a single individual, a scout called "Prairie Dog" Dave (Dave Campbell), ironically remarked: "He'll go with you."

"But, general," the lieutenant had the temerity to interpose, "can't I have ten men, at least?"

"No. You would make too broad a trail, and two of you can better get through, if you do (consoling), than if ten were sent."

And then he explained the contents of a paper he handed the lieutenant, saying that a body of 300 to 500 Indians were being hunted by Col. Bull between his (the Wichita) camp and Col. Compton's at Adobe Walls, and that the lieutenant's orders were to ride over to Adobe Walls (only 120 miles away) and give Col. Compton word of the chance to distinguish himself and command.

"But, general," tremulously interposed the lieutenant again, "I ought to have a good horse; mine's played out."

"You can have the best in the command,"

"I'll take your black horse"—eagerly spoken.

"All right."

Mounted on "the best horse in the command," the lieutenant set out on the ride at high noon, followed "cheerfully" by the scout. "The careful not to run into the Indians," and it was moodily remembered there were 500 of them, and only the scout and himself if he did happen "to run into 'em."

"Prairie Dog" Dave was no mean guide for the expedition. He had hunted buffalo all over this country; for their hides, and by indiscriminate slaughter of them had helped provoke the Indians into the war, which the lieutenant, his companion, wished them might have been averted.

The trail from the camp led up the Wichita until the river run out or ended in a lot of little ravines, which by easy ascent led to a "divide." Over this the two had to cross a rolling prairie, on which "bunch" grass and "tumble weeds" were magnified into buffalo herds and then bands of Indians by the lieutenant. "Prairie Dog" Dave knew better, though he stopped twice and borrowed the lieutenant's field glasses to scan the horizon. The divide curved down all of a sudden into "a break" that led down into Elk creek. For a mile a tortuous path was followed until the bottom land of Elk creek was attained—and a more picturesque sight was never photographed on the mind of man than was then impressed upon "Prairie Dog" Dave and comrade.

On emerging from "the creek," or little canyon, canyonito, onto the bottom lands, both felt as if they had come "over the divide" into paradise—hunters' paradise. There were deer, bucks, does and fawns by the score in sight, feeding on the succulent grasses, and as the ride across the valley was made hundreds of deer heads took to wing and a dozen or more elk scampered away, frightened by the two trespassers. The young lieutenant was mightily tempted to take a shot, and had "the black-eye," like a child-stricken patient of Doctor "Fadden." His comrade kept him, wisely, from wasting ammunition, and inviting the attention of any prowling Indian.

The creek crossed, the farther ankling of the stream was reached, and ascending, and the two riders got to another divide just as the sun was sinking at the farther edge of the prairie, in "a sea of glory," nowhere as lurid, nowhere as lurid, nowhere as near, seemingly, as it appears on the plains.

Cautiously and expeditiously this divide was crossed, as Indians are at their worst when twilight falls.

A "break" of the Canadian was reached, and the two riders, who the two horsemen went out of sight into the dark ravine.

"The breaks of the Canadian!" Nobody knows just what is meant by the term used, but it has been known, not by daylight, but by moonlight, while beset as well with fear of Indians.

"Breaks" is used to designate a network of ravines that flank every river in the Indian territory, and the handle of Texas, but are deep canyons radiating from each river, a perfect labyrinth in themselves.

Down one of these "breaks" the two horsemen rode. It was as black down in the canyon as the age of spades, and the riders in their seats, but suddenly the horses took to speeding over a hard, sand-hollowed ravine, and the horses and riders came out on the divide, but on the same side of the divide, but by their purpose and need to cross. Another plunge, without any particular consideration, was made into another ravine. It was followed down, down, toward the south, toward the river, broadening out, and the banks growing higher and higher and more precipitous. Just as the mouth was reached, opening out to the broad, high, grass-covered bottom, lands of the Canadian river, the full moon came out from behind a great bank of clouds. Just to the right of "the break," from a boggy, or cottonwood grove, sprang forth a troop of 300 or more strong.

"Indians, lieutenant," was whisperingly shouted by "Prairie Dog" Dave, if there be anything like making a whisper sound like a roll of thunder.

The moon looked down calmly and cast a shadow, as is her habit when there is no light in the heart of which to fabricate it. A projecting butte in the ravine furnished the material, and both horsemen sped to its hospitable shadow. As the troop rushed pell-mell, Indian style, out of the boggy into the moonlight, the two horsemen of the Indians could be distinguished, and the animal ran as fresh from the grass, precluding all hopes of escape on the two horses, which had been ridden over 30 miles in less than six hours.

Just then the moon took a less alarming twist on her face, and showed the "wax" bonnets" to be the antlers of a great herd of elk.

The Canadian river, followed up its right bank for many miles, was crossed at "the sand dunes," and a little west of Antelope hills, and about midnight.

"The Antelope hills" are not a range of hills, or a longitudinal upheaval on a dead level of prairie. There are only three of "the hills," great gypsum buttes, one 700 feet high, and no one

less than 400 feet, somehow washed out by a series of dry washes, a great inland sea that once covered "the Great American desert."

But, dropping these hills out of sight, great landmarks as they are, the Canadian river was crossed, "Prairie Dog" Dave, and his companion, and the black horse was kept well in hand to the rear—no thoughts of losing the horse, but a quicksand loss was apprehended for "man and beast."

The sand dunes reached, across the river, both riders dismounted at the first, both stretched themselves on the sand, soon becoming half buried—as these hills move about with almost an imperceptible whirl, but yet to a sound as rhythmic as the fabled "singing sand" of mythology.

Remounting, the journey was continued, the moon at full, shining almost ominously.

The moon, dead silent, looking down upon the wide, open, far-stretched prairie, and upon the two travelers, dreading and in fear, afraid to talk or whisper to one another—there's nothing like the moon under such considerations to make a man shiver.

Winding in and out among the sand hills, the horses were put to their best along this felloch-deep road until Sand creek was reached. A dry creek, waterless at all seasons of the year, Sand creek is fringed on either bank by a scraggy growth of trees.

As the two riders and their prowlers crossed the creek and got into the timber on the west bank—

Two million dogs began barking at them!

There was no mistake about it; they were dogs, not coyotes, distinguished at a fast over the carcass of a buffalo.

Both felt, at once, that they had strayed into an Indian camp.

And they had!

Soon human voices mixed with those of the dogs, and lights could be seen—not flitting to and fro in soldiers' camps, but set to glowing from a score of camp fires. Right well defined in the moonlight, too, appeared a silhouette group of Indians—not this time "the soldiers" and they gave "the view halloo" as they took a "snapshot" at the paleface trespassers.

"Prairie Dog" Dave and comrade wheeled about their horses and took to the sandhills, as never did the Israelites, and the sand ran on the borders of the Red sea, as related of old.

Two men fled on travel-tried horses before a double score of savages mounted on fresh ponies. Is it any wonder if the Canadian was looked upon as the Red sea, and that the moonlight was regarded as an infernal illumination that guided and directed the Indians on their course?

And to add to the "descentus in avert," Gen. Miles' black horse began coughing as he speeded through the sands, and shot hitting shoe, there began "a click-click" which helped the Indians in their pursuit when even the moon lent the shadows of the sand "hues" to hide the fugitives from the pursuers.

But the Indians gave over, but not before the lieutenant, chafed and tired out, had pleaded with "Prairie Dog" Dave "to make a stand, die."

"Keep up, lieutenant," was the scout's indignation, never once believing in "a stand," "a die," though death so near impended.

The pursuit abandoned, after ten miles of yelling on the part of the Indians and a discretionary silence on the part of the white riders, the mesa (or divide) was reached, and the side of the Canadian was reached, and Adobe Walls became again the objective point of the expedition.

As the morning came on, away on the south side of the Canadian, the lights of half a hundred camp fires, now dispersed, and the unwelcome and horrible thought obtruded: "The country is full of Indians!"

Fearful of discovery, scout and comrade sought a "cave-de-se" among the breakers, and there, waiting until full daylight, a scout was taken through "the glasses" at the camp.

"The line of troops" was seen, and the "old glory" in miniature as a cavalry guidon. A rub of the glasses to dispel the darkness, and a bee line was made for the camp.

It was Col. Bull's command of the Ninth United States cavalry.

After a hearty reception, a generous breakfast, during which the adventures of the night were told and the proximity of the Indians comforted, "Prairie Dog" Dave and comrade left for Adobe Walls. Col. Bull put his command at the same time after the Indians who had so murderously pursued his visitors to the north side of the river, and "Prairie Dog" Dave and his comrade were lifted off their horses and their horses at Adobe Walls. Col. Herbert M. Bristol and Lieut. Hobart K. Bailey, Fifth United States infantry, being the reception committee.

At 11 o'clock in the forenoon the ride began at 12 o'clock the day before was ended—120 miles traveled.

Next day Gen. Miles' black horse died.

The lieutenant is believed to be still alive.

"Prairie Dog" Dave "died with his boots on" several years after this ride while trying to make one like it for Gen. Miles on the northwest—Chicago Times-Herald.

A PARTICULAR FRIEND.



"I've met your list now, if you want now," said Miss Gardner, stopping her writing suddenly and looking up in a faintly. She was making out invitations to a tea which she intended to give, and looked hot and cross. Bob drew a tiny sheet of paper from his pocket, approached his sister cautiously, handed her the paper and seated, he resumed his cigar and in a half-amused, half-curious way watched his sister attentively. She shuffled her feet a great deal and scowled her mouth into all possible shapes as she read the list, and to herself, thereby affording Bob the greatest delight, for he liked to tease his sister because she got angry so quickly.

"Miss Shepard!" she exclaimed, suddenly turning and glaring at Bob. "Why, Bob," she was in a very impatient mood, "I thought you hated Miss Shepard! You are always as rude to her as you can possibly be. You would rather do anything than dance with her at a party. You say horrid things about her, and here you've put her down on your list. I had left her off mine because I thought you hated her." Miss Gardner paused to give her brother a chance to get in a word—a thing she seldom did, it seemed to her. "But why do you think she's so good she ought to come. It strikes me that it is rather hasty of you to leave her out on my account. Isn't she a friend of yours?"

"My Shepard is an awfully nice girl, a thing which you have heard me say about a thousand times before!" Helen exclaimed, throwing down her pen and getting ready for a fight. "Bob Gardner, you are the most utterly inconsistent creature. There doesn't seem to be the slightest use in talking to you."

Bob tried at this point to say "no," but his sister had the floor.

"What do you want her here now for? Just to be as disagreeable to her as you can? I don't believe she'd care, anyway, because she must want to keep out of the way of such a rude, sublimely conceited—"

"Then don't invite her, dearest; but forbear blackguarding me, because I've been very badly at it, and the last thing—"

"I shall invite her, too, and if you don't treat her decently, you'll wish you had. Furthermore, I'm going to ask her to pour out, I should have in the first place if it hadn't been for you."

"Haden't been for—who?"

Helen sat down to write the address on her list. Bob smoked his cigar in silence, with a satisfied smile; then, as though he had attained success in some cherished project; then put on his hat and coat and started out. Helen wanted to tell him that it was time for lunch, but did not, under the circumstances, think it best to lower herself to do so. So Bob probably didn't get any.

A week later came the tea—one of the ghastliest ordeals imaginable for Bob. A word with everybody, a sentence with nobody, a bewildering sea of black coats, on the shores of which were several excited girls serving sherbet, chocolate and tea, and all the time, smiling, laughing, frowning, at the solid walls of human beings around them. By great exertions Bob managed to pierce his way to a table marked crowded than the others, where a slight, pretty girl, with blue eyes and light-brown hair, was serving the chocolate.

"Do you need anything, Miss Shepard?" he asked, in a low tone, bending down over her.

"No, thanks; one of the other waiters is getting things for me," she said, loudly.

Unconsciously ignoring the compliment, nearly cracked his cheeks trying to



"I WANT TO HAVE A SERIOUS TALK WITH YOU."

smile, and finding a chair near the wall, drew it up and began talking to Miss Shepard, who seemed to pay very little attention to him. "Are you tired of pouring out?" he asked, at length, after he had seen several quarts disappear. "Helen said she would send some one to relieve you now."

"Yes, I wish she would; I need relief," answered Miss Shepard.

This looked encouraging, but Bob was more or less used to it. Besides, as his sister hinted, he was conceited, and Miss Shepard's last remark had no perceptible effect on him. A few minutes later, another girl was brought by his

Gardner to attend the chocolate, and Bob walked away with Miss Shepard. They passed through the dining-room slowly, and into the conservatory, which was just now vacant and lighted very dimly by the sunset, but the hum from the other room filled the air.

"Well?" said Miss Shepard, sitting down stiffly in the chair he gave her. Bob tried to say something, but couldn't.

"Well?—we're having nice weather, Mr. Gardner," she said, half derisively. This little observation doesn't always kill conversation, for on this occasion it gave Bob's mind the start it needed. "I haven't seen you for some time."

"No; I noticed you took particular pains not to see me on the street, yesterday," said Bob.

"I didn't know you were anywhere around—were you?" she asked, carelessly.

Bob did not answer. He could hardly feel that the conversation had been successful so far.

"I want to have a serious talk with you," he said solemnly.

"Well, I hope I always talk seriously. But go on. I'm dying to hear you say something."

"Will you tell me, if you can," he went on, "why I don't get along better with people? People seem to hate me instinctively, and why should they?"

"I don't know why they do," replied Miss Shepard, in a rather disgusted tone, for she really did know very well. "I've never heard any girl say anything about you. You're kind, and the other, but I've known Helen so long that perhaps they wouldn't say anything to me on that account. How can you tell that they don't like you?"

"Well—I don't know—for various reasons," replied Bob, slowly.

"I guess the trouble is that they don't fulfill your expectations, that's all," Miss Shepard continued, mercilessly. "You know that a person's self-esteem is equal to his success—divided by his expectations."

"But why do you yourself go out of your way to snub me on all occasions?"



"MISS SHEPARD," HE BEGAN.

asked poor Bob. "I should think we might be good friends."

"Surely, I want to be good friends with everybody that I see as often as I do you. I have never meant to hurt your feelings—I never knew that I could. But did you bring me in here to give me a lecture on manners? Frankly, Mr. Gardner, I don't think you are the person—"

"No," interrupted Bob. "I brought you neither to ask you why you treat me so badly, because I love you, and—"

A shriek of laughter interrupted the poor fellow, and Miss Shepard rose from her chair, nervously convulsed by the moment Helen's story, and Tom Smith, Miss Shepard's cousin, came into the conservatory together. Miss Shepard, still laughing immoderately, exclaimed: "Your brother there—proposed—no!" And as Bob made a dash for the door, she reached his ears, but his sister's laughter was faint, in justice to her, let us say.

Poor Bob, his head in a whirl, feeling like an object lost and revolved by the blow to his vanity, no less than clarified that he had made such a conclusion to his enemy, as he thought he regarded Miss Shepard, hung around his mother and the older ladies for the next half hour. How he hated and cursed himself, he seemed to him that if he lived forever he must always feel like a fool now. But finally, as he was wandering around, he caught sight of Miss Shepard in the hall, with her things on, about to be going that she was alone, he stood quickly to her.

"Miss Shepard," he began, with a terrible heaviness at his heart. "I am very sorry that you saw fit to make people what I told you and make me ridiculous, had a better idea of you than that. What I told you was true. Why couldn't you respect my feelings, even if they did seem absurd to you? I think—"

"I haven't time to talk now," interrupted Miss Shepard, abruptly, but with the shadow of a smile. "Those girls there are waiting for me. And I hope, Mr. Gardner, that you will and out very soon why you can't get along with most people. But Bob, be continued, dropping her voice. "Don't be too angry with me, for your sister and my cousin came into the conservatory an instant before you knew it, and might have made fun of you, and—"

"It is my consolation to me and I have decided to accept you."—Harvard Advocate.

"Two weeks in the United States bear the name of Rhine."

Knoxville, Ky., January 28, 1893.
 I should like to annoy you with
 so much matter concerning the
 mountains and its people. But
 being of the mountains myself,
 having been born and reared, thank
 God, among the hills of Eastern
 Kentucky, where freedom of spirit
 and thought, and vigor of mind
 and body reigns supreme, and ac-
 knowledges no superior save the
 God who so lavishly bestows these
 priceless gifts. It is one of the
 greatest desires of my life to pre-
 sent to the world the true char-
 acter of the people of the mountains
 of Eastern Kentucky. In other
 parts of our state, and perhaps in
 other sections within the domain of
 this proud nation, has been so un-
 justly and undeservingly misrep-
 resented. Sensational travelers and
 journalists, whose minds are cor-
 rupt, and whose hearts are desti-
 tute of one single philanthropic
 thought, have sown the blackest
 seed of falsehood in the hearts and
 minds of those who are not ac-
 quainted with the mountains, and
 who do not know the truth. Not
 only have the secular journals,
 some of them of prominence and
 wide circulation, been guilty of
 painting the mountains and people
 as they are not, but the reports
 communicated by persons whose
 hearts bear the blackest seal of
 falsehood. But to cap the infam-
 ous climax, and to push the "crown
 of thorns" harder against the per-
 secuted mountain brow; a "tract"
 has been published within the last
 year, by a so-called christian work-
 er in name, and containing the
 statement that in Perry county
 within a single year, there were
 500 murders and not one convic-
 tion. Never was a blacker false-
 hood manufactured in the coun-
 sel chambers of hell. The records
 of Perry county stand open to the
 world to prove that such a state-
 ment is utterly false, and the good
 people of Perry county look with
 indignation and contempt upon
 the person or persons who would
 stoop so low as to publish a false-
 hood as base. The sensational
 "blood and thunder" articles that
 have appeared from time to time
 as aforesaid in some of the promi-
 nent journals of the United States
 have performed their damnable
 work well. They have created the
 impression in the minds of thou-
 sands that the people of the moun-
 tain counties of Eastern Kentucky
 are of a brutal, bloodthirsty
 and savage character, and that
 the aborigines of America. A
 large number of the inhabitants
 of our state, and those of other
 states, look upon the men of the
 mountains as outlaws, who delight
 in nothing but bloodshed and violence.
 Now a greater mistake
 could not be made, nor a more
 unjust opinion held against our
 mountain citizens. Search the
 world through, and nowhere is
 there to be found a more loyal and
 patriotic class of men than the
 mountains of Eastern Kentucky
 affords. Of course, many of them
 are not—and many of them
 are not—and many of them are
 not—and many of them are not
 in other parts of the state, but what
 is lacking in cultivation of mind
 is made up in generosity of heart.
 The people of the mountains pos-
 sess that peculiar trait of charac-
 ter which distinguished the an-
 cient Scotch Hylanders—the feo-
 dal spirit, and at times these peo-
 ple have banded themselves to-
 gether in clans and waged war
 against each other. But never in
 all those dark days were the moun-
 tain people half so bad, nor their
 deeds half so atrocious as has been
 represented. And now, the people
 of the mountains and shadows have
 passed away, and those feuds exist
 only in fast fading memory, why
 is it that the mountain people can-
 not be given justice? Are these
 days of prosperity so gloriously il-
 luminated by the blessed sunlight
 of peace that are kissing every
 mountain top; to be but "moor-
 suns" to us? No! thank God
 They have been, and will continue
 to be, a blessed reality to us. The
 pens of a whole legion of infamous
 reporters, though they may cause
 others to look with scorn upon us,
 yet they can not injure the true
 character of the people of the people.
 Neither can they always keep the
 mountains hidden behind the
 clouds of ignorance. That day
 has dawned, in the glad morning
 of which, the mountain people
 have awoken, and an epoch of pro-
 gress and progression is now to
 be witnessed in the history of the

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